

The Historie of

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly drest,
Fresh as a Bridgroume, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a stubbleland at haruest home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twix his finger and his thum he helde,
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his nose; and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tookt it in snuffe, and still he snilde and talkte,
And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmanerly,
To bring a slouely vnhand-some coarfe,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,
With many holyday and lady tearmes.
He questioned me: among the rest demanded,
My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.
I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a Poppingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience,
Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
He should, or he should not, for he made me mad,
To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweet,
And talke so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God saue the marke:
And telling me, the soweraignest thing on earth;
Was Parmacity for an inward bruse,
And that it was great pittie, so it was,
This villanous Saltpeter should be digd
Out of the bowels of the harmeles Earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyd
So cowardly: and but for these vile Guns,
He would haue been himselfe a Souldiour.
This bald vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I answered indirectly (as I sayd)

And

Henry the

And I beseech you, let not this rep
Come currant for an accusation,
Betwixt my loue, and your high M

Blunt. The circumstance confi
What er'e *Harrie Piorcie* then had
To such a person, and in such a pl
At such a time, with all the rest re
May resonable die, and neuer ris
To doc him wrong, or any way i
What then he said, so he vn say it

King. Why yet he doth deny h
But with prouiso and exception,
That we at our owne charge shall
His brother in law, the foolish *Mo*
Who in my soule hath wilfully be
The liues of those, that he did lea
Against the great Magitian, dam
Whose daughter as we heare, the
Hath lately married? shall our co
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor h
Shall we buy treason? and inden
When they haue lost and forfeited
No, on the barren mountaine let
For I shall neuer hold that man my
Whose tongue shall aske me for o
To ransome home reuolted *Mort*

Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?
He neuer did fall off, my Souera
But by the chance of warre: to pr
Needs no more but one tongue: f
Those mouthed woundes which
When on the gentle *Seuerns* siedo
In single opposition hand to han
He did confound the best part of
In changing hardiment with gre
Three times they breath'd, and th
Vpon agreement of swift *Seuerns*
Who then affrighted with their b

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